

Disgusting.

Nothing so thoroughly demolishes and wipes out the conviction from our mind that there is "glory in youth," as to see a boy attempting to raise a mustache, or sucking the nasty end of a cigar, for the loathsome incense of tobacco. And yet, in the opinion of our young lads, it is an extreme cut of superb gentility, an exquisite manifestation of high-wrought foppery, to afford an upper-lip robed in silken down—white, yellow, sandy or silver-gray, fuzzy or woolly—with a "half-spanish cigar" projecting from a usurped socket, and the white smoke wreathing and curling up through the furry thicket like the mist of morning floating upward into a cloud of cotton. To be thus, is the height of many a boy's ambition. Oh! how the chivalrous juvenile throws back his head, and pricks up his ears, as he regales himself upon the fumes of the nasty weed, or when the world wags heavily, sits in the silence of his own chamber, drinking in the stupefying vapor, "sighing like furnace with a wotul ballad made to his mistress' eye-brow." You ask the brave lad why he indulges in this practice, and he will "cock" his head back and say to you, "Oh! it is such a luxury; it helps to drive away dull care; and when clouds of gloom darken my pathway, it enables me better to sustain the burden of life;" or he will say, "I know it is a bad habit, but I have become so wedded to the practice that it is impossible to wean myself off." Ah! you little saint, if your mother would take you across her knee and slap you right well a time or two, it would bring down your precocity a "peg."

Deaths by Intemperance.

A man by the name of Arthur S. Howell was found dead yesterday morning in the Hammond street Station-house. An inquest was held over his body, and the jury returned a verdict—"came to his death by intemperance and exposure." He had been lodged there the night previous for drunkenness. Also, an inquest was held over the dead body of Henry Miller, found in a frame shanty on the road leading to Reading. Verdict of the jury—"came to his death by intemperance and exposure." The other day two men started out hunting, and one of them having indulged too freely in liquor, lost his gun in the canal. He plunged in after it, and before he could be rescued by his companion, came very near drowning. Medical assistance was obtained, but of no avail. He died. Liquor was the cause. Thus, day by day, the "six hundred thousand" drunkards of the United States are dropping into oblivion, leaving no heritage to their friends and families, but shame, humiliation and wretchedness. "Is there no balm in Gilead?"

Crowing too Soon!

The papers unfriendly to the Maine Law have exultingly copied the statements of John Neal and the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, Catholic Priest of Portland, in relation to the inefficiency of the Maine Law. Mr. Neal said—"in this city (Portland), and neighborhood, and probably throughout the whole State, with here and there a doubtful exception, there is more intemperance than there has been at any other time for twenty years." The Rev. Mr. O'Donnell had made similar statements, and the rum papers all over the land have given currency to them. The course of these gentlemen brought out a counter-statement. A paper, declaring the allegations of Neal and O'Donnell wholly and entirely false, has been signed by the

Mayor, by every Clergyman (except O'Donnell), in Portland, even by Neal's Pastor, and by more than 400 leading merchants of the city. We do not envy the notoriety of those heroes of the rum interest. We shall see whether the papers who paraded their charges before the public, will publish the refutation.

Episcopal Church—Temperance.

We have had occasion to animadvert pretty severely upon the position of the Clergy and the higher dignitaries of the Episcopal Church. There are, and there have been, a small minority of the leading men who have, in the face of the bitterest opposition, stood by the temperance cause with commendable devotion.

We are glad of any opportunity to record evidences of a better state of things, for we hope to have the united influence of the whole body of the Christian Church, by whatever name known. Bishop Burgess, of Maine, one of the brightest lights of the Episcopal Church in the United States, lives where he has had an opportunity of witnessing, disinterestedly, the effects of a law of prohibition. We publish in this number of the "Organ" a letter from this distinguished man, and we commend its perusal to all, and especially to the members of his church. We would respectfully ask the Cincinnati "Gazette" to give this letter a place in its columns.

A New Magazine.

It has been suggested to us by Gen. Cary, and other prominent friends of temperance, that there is a great want of a Monthly Magazine, in which to keep a permanent record of the history of the Temperance Reform, in its past and present phase, and in which to record the facts and statistics relative to the baneful influences of the liquor traffic. There is no doubt that such a publication is greatly needed, and we would like to have an expression of opinion from some of our brethren in the different States as to its practicability. If it shall be deemed prudent to commence the publication of such a Magazine, we shall spare no pains to make it just what it ought to be.

A Soft Pillow.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.

"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly,

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes, "a soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the champion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels, can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

Parents! do your duty now, in the fear of God, in obedience to his law, at every sacrifice; and when old age comes on, you may lie down upon a soft pillow, assured of His favor who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

A lady down east being asked to wait, gave the following sensible answer:

"No, I thank you, sir, I have hugging enough at home."

The Organ—New Volume.

In a few more weeks the present volume of the Organ will terminate. With the first number of the new or third volume, we propose to make some material alterations in the paper, viz: 1st. Change the form from *quarto* (its present form) to *folio*, or four pages, and printed upon new type cast expressly for it. 2d. A change of name to the "NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ORGAN."

The wants of our readers suggest these changes to us, and we make them cheerfully, as a return for the liberal support heretofore given the Organ, though the changes proposed will be a large advance on the present cost of the paper. The subscription price will remain as it is—while the amount of reading matter will be increased more than one-third. We have secured correspondents in different parts of the country, to furnish us the latest and most accurate news in relation to the present general movement in favor of entire prohibition throughout the United States. When our arrangements are completed, we expect to make the Organ the best Temperance Family Newspaper ever published, making it just as acceptable to the people of Maine or Georgia, as to the people of Ohio or Indiana, &c. Wherever the fight rages thickest, there we expect to pour in our heaviest shots. The Organ volunteered for the war, and we shall not cease to battle our common enemy so long as he is out of prison bounds. Our motto is, "Search, Seizure and Confiscation," all over the land.

The proposed alterations in the Organ, as we have before said, will create a considerable outlay of capital at the start, and during the year. We shall, therefore, confidently look for a large increase in our list of patrons. We appeal to our friends now, in view of these improvements, to be up doing—canvass your city, town, village or township, and send us as many names as possible. The larger our circulation—the greater will be the influence of the Organ. The indomitable Gen. S. F. CARY, will continue to devote a large portion of his time and talents to the Organ. The articles from his gifted pen are alone worth the subscription price of the paper. And when it is considered that he is the acknowledged head and leader of the temperance forces in the Union, no friend of the cause should be without the Organ.

To those who have been with us thus far, we would return our thanks, and hope they will continue to favor us with their patronage. The new volume will commence on Friday, 29th of January next.

A PICTURE.—An English writer puts the following language in the mouth of the poor victim who visits the rum-selling den:

"There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing and my food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from the schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shop-keeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, far more I will yet pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind—there's my character as a man, and my profession as a Christian—I give up all—give me drink! More yet I have to give! There's my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed—there—there—is all hope of salvation! I give up my Savior I give up my God! I resign all! All that is great, good and glorious in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be DRUNK!"

Next to Sancho's eulogy of sleep, the subjoined, by Goethe, is the best we ever read:

"Sweet sleep! thou comest with good fortune, unbidden and unentreated. Thou loosest the knots of stern thought, and minglest together all images of joy and grief! Unhindered, the circle of internal harmonies flows on, and wrapped in a pleasing frenzy, we sink down and cease to be."

History of Alcohol.

Alcohol was invented 950 years ago, by the son of a strange woman, Hager, in Arabia. Ladies used it with a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful, and this powder was called alcohol. During the reign of William and Mary, an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on.

In the 16th century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in public life, was among the laborers in the Hungarian mines in the 15th century. In 1751, it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine. The Genoese afterwards made it from grain and sold it as medicine in bottles, under the name of the water of life. Until the 16th century, it had only been kept by apothecaries as medicine. During the reign of Henry VII, brandy was introduced into Ireland, and soon its alarming effect induced the Government to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture.

About 120 years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it prevented sickness and made men fearless on the field of battle. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific. Such is a brief sketch of the introduction of alcohol into society as a beverage. The history of it is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, poverty and murder of thousands. It has marched the land with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of his footsteps in the bones, sinew, and life's blood of the people.

Do as I Do.—A well known 'fast' man recently entered the Astor 'Exchange' or bar-room, where he seldom fails to meet about twenty friends in the 'smiling' hours, with his usual heartiness he called up the company, who, nothing loth, at once faced the counter.

"You must all do as I do," said the liberal friend.

Oh, certainly—of course, was the unanimous reply. "What is your's going to be?"

"I shall take pale brandy," was the reply.

And they all called for P. B. After drinking, the wag laid down his shilling on the counter, and immediately retired, whispering in a soft, persuasive tone—

"Do as I do, gentlemen!"

The party looked at one another with a comic stare, until one who finally felt the force of the idea creeping powerfully through his hair, exclaimed—

"Sold, by thunder!"

We find the following dissertation in the *Louisville Courier*:

"Brevity is the soul of wit. So it is of dimity. Who ever knew a short woman that wasn't full of honey, poetry, and the very essence of love? Small bundles of dry goods and great humanity go together, just as natural as gutta percha, dough-nuts, and bad digestion."

This sounds to us much like the *Albany Dutchman*. Little women must feel comforted with such flattery.

A militia officer wanted to compliment a negro by drinking with him. "Well, captain," replied Ouff, "I've berry dry, so I won't be ugly 'bout it. Some niggas is too proud to drink with a milishy ossifer, but I think a milishy ossifer, when sober, is just as good as a nigga—specially if the nigga is dry."